

Boston, March 10, 1838.

My dear George:

Whether this will find you at home, or not, is of course uncertain; but no matter. Although it is not designed for the public eye, yet it may be read by all the private eyes that brighten the dwelling in "Friendship's Valley." "E pluribus unum!" The many, are one.

Well, the deed is done, — the experiment has been tried, — black pepper, cayenne, lobelia, hot drops, and a steam-bath, have done their worst; and still I am in the land of the living, as this letter plainly shows! What a miraculous escape from the hands of those merciless destroyers of our race, the Thompsonian quacks! How is it? Am I immortal? If they have not killed me, does it not follow that I am something more than bullet-proof & to wit, immortal? ay, even in this my fleshy tabernacle?

All this badinage is only a puff preliminary — a startling exordium, by way of giving a keener relish ~~for~~ the whole discourse which follows. Therefore, be very much at ease.

Influenced mainly by your advice, which was seconded by many of my friends in the city, others however protesting against the experiment, with full purpose of soul I bent my steps resolutely towards a Thompsonian infirmary, kept by Dr. Clark in Pleasant-street, in company with bro. Himes, on Thursday morning last. I was suffering with the inflammation in my head, my ears being very sore, and a swelling on each side of the face adjacent.

Bro. Himes very kindly offered to take a course with me, partly as an amateur performance to encourage me in making "the perilous adventure"—and partly because his health required it. We began our preliminary operations at 10 o'clock, the first dose being a cup of Thompsonian "coffee"—then other drinks—then a steaming, the thermometer ranging from 110 to 114.—Never did I know what it is to perspire until then! What a shower of rain poured from my neck to my heels! Very pleasant withal, and raising the "circulating medium" to something above par. I remained in the bath about 15 minutes, then went dripping to bed, where I remained till about 3 o'clock, P. M. ever and anon drinking hot liquids to make me vomit and sweat the more freely. During this time, bro. Himes and myself (both being in the same predicament) kept up a running fire of conversation, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," occasionally pausing a moment to repudiate from our stomachs what the lobelia and cayenne, in their searching operation, had found hostile to our welfare and security. Although in a high state of perspiration, and constantly being dosed with hot drops and what not, I felt not only "as calm as a summer's morning," but really in a state ~~boiling~~^{reaching} at least ten degrees beyond Point Comfortable. Had it not been for the flippancy of our tongues, I should have slept most sweetly; but having so excellent a companion as bro. H., I could not afford to "give day to night."

At about 3 o'clock, we left our beds, took another bath for about 10 minutes, was then baptized with cold water, came out, dressed ourselves, went down into the sitting room, each of us "like a giant refreshed from wine," or rather from steaming—and in a short time, behold us, with other patients, sitting at the dinner-table, with vigorous appetites, and a good beef-steak before us! The pain in my head was greatly relieved, and I felt more than 50 per cent. better. In the evening, I rode home, and have felt ever since in an improving condition. I intend to take several courses, until I know whether a radical cure can be effected, or not—probably one a week. So much for experiment No. I.

Dear Helen was in great trepidation until my return, but is now thankful I went. It is surprising how soon the swelling in my face has been reduced, and the gathering in my ears dispersed. "Richard is not himself again," wholly, but I am certainly better than I had any reason to expect under the best treatment.

You must have had a fine time at Hartford, despite the lawless conduct of a portion of the "brotherhood." What say you—was Dr. Hawes "up to the mark" on the occasion? I feel anxious to know precisely how he acted.

The committee of the Odeon, (of which the mayor of this city is chairman,) have to-day decided that that

immense building shall be granted to the Boston Female A. S. Society, for a course of lectures on slavery from Angelina E. Grimke. So rolls the tide onward! The effort of A. E. G., before our legislative committee, has been of incalculable benefit to the cause.

Singls. - Paid.

PAID

George W. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

If you see bro. Colver, express to him my admiration of his zeal, boldness, eloquence and success, in the great and sacred enterprises so dear to us all.

Our boys are thriving finely - wish to see yours very much - cover his face with kisses for me. Love to all.
Ever yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.